

S O N N E T X V I .



|OR I have loved long, I crave
reward!

Reward me not unkindly ! Think on
kindness! Kindness becometh those of
high regard;

Regard with clemency a poor man's
blindness! Blindness provokes to pity, when it
crieth;

It crieth " Give ! " Dear Lady, shew some
pity! Pity, or let him die, that daily dieth !

Dieth he not oft, who often sings this
ditty ? This ditty pleaseth me, although
it choke me.

Methinks, dame ECHO weepeth at my
moaning, Moaning the woes, that to
complain provoke me.

Provoke me now no more ; but hear my
groaning ! Groaning both day and night, doth
tear my heart: My heart doth know the
cause, and triumphs in the smart.

S O N N E T X V I I .



WEET stroke ! (so might I thrive as I must
praise) But sweeter hand that gives so
sweet a stroke ! The Lute itself is sweetest
when she plays.

But what hear I ? A string, through fear, is
broke! The Lute doth shake as if it were
afraid-

0, sure, some goddess holds it in her
hand ! A Heavenly Power that oft hath me
dismayed,
Yet such a power as doth in beauty stand!
Cease Lute ! rny ceaseless suit will ne'er be
heard ! (Ah, too hard-hearted She that will
not hear it!) If I but think on joy, my joy is
marred !

My grief is great, yet ever must I bear
it! But love twixt us, will prove a faithful
page ; And she will love my sorrows to
assuage!